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WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

The first of a series of concerts, under the above title, took place on Wednesday night—as might readily have been calculated—at Exeter Hall, which was crowded by an audience, which, we trust, was a paying one. The prospectus issued by the Directors of the new speculation insinuates that everything is to be done for art and artists, without consideration to the advantage of the speculators; which, in our memory of prospectuses and new speculations, has always been the song, or overture. It was the song or overture of Mr. Stammers; who founded the London Wednesday Concerts, and who has advertised as follows, in the *Times*:—

EXETER HALL.—Wednesday Concerts.—In answer to numerous inquiries, I beg leave to state that I have not the honour of being in any way connected with the WEDNESDAY EVENING CONCERTS of the present season.

JOSEPH STAMMERS, Founder of the London Wednesday Concerts.

Which he had better have done in the *Musical World*. It was an old song, or overture of Bunn's; and it was Mr. Lumley's song, or overture. It is now the song, or overture, of Mr. Gye; and of the New Philharmonic—the Old Philharmonic does not sing—and of the Harmonic Union, and so forth. It is admirable in these societies, and worthy of apostrophe, that all they do is for the art, and nothing for themselves. They would do better if they advertised oftener and lengthilier in these columns. But this, by the pike! Be it understood, we solicit toll, not levy black-mail. But this, by the *barrière*!

The first concert took place on Wednesday night. The programme was good of its kind, but might have been better of its symphony. Felicien David, and his *Desert*, have long been deserted by the judicious. Moreover, it is no symphony, much less an ode-symphony—whatever that may signify. It was rather hard upon the “most distinguished composers,” whose “best works” were—according to the prospectus—to be performed at the Wednesday Evening Concerts, “in a style to satisfy the critical amateur”—to have David's *Desert* thrust among them, as if it were of them, and of the best of them—which it is not. An excellent band, however, of 70 performers, directed by the accomplished Benedict, gave the never-failing charm that attaches, naturally, to correct and spirited performances; while Mr. John Cooper, the highly esteemed comedian, by his earnest and admirably articulate declamation, gave to the poem, which the music of David aims at illustrating, all possible effect. He gave, we may say, the voice to the sands; not a still voice, as:—

“Solemn midnight's tingling silentness,”

Nor a loud voice, as

“The trumpet of a prophecy,”

but so much of either and of both, as was appropriate and fitting to the text. And, to judge by the exact manner in which the talented comedian measured out his phrases, while declaiming to the accompaniment of the instruments never beginning too soon, or finishing too late, or, *vice versa*, we should judge Mr. Cooper to have an excellent ear for music. The two tenor songs were nicely sung by Mr. Benson, and Master De Sola executed the trying and difficult “Call to Prayer of the Muezzin,” the intervals of which are strange enough to puzzle a conjuror, conjure he never so wisely, with remarkable promptitude and skill. Nevertheless, the *Desert*—the one and golden opus of its composer, David—which we have described so often, that we shall not describe it—failed to hit, as it failed to hit under Costa at Her Majesty's Theatre, with scenic illustrations; and as it failed to hit at the monstrous concerts, with which the Mighty Jullien regaled the public at Exeter Hall; and as it is likely to fail to hit where, when, and however it is interpreted before our publics, English, Irish, Welsh, Scotch, or Pictish. Nevertheless, it is odd that David's music is only lively in the *Desert*, and only not deserted there, which is doubtless its desert, nevertheless.

And here we may subjoin a list of the orchestra.

Violins:—Messrs. Thirlwall, Browne, Bezeth, Bosisio, Cusins, Kreutzer, Mori, Nadaud, Schmidt, Thirlwall, jun., Tolbecque, and Watson. Second Violins:—Messrs. Watkins (principal), W. Blagrove, Day, Gay, H. Griesbach, Musgrave, Van Heddeghem, Payton, Villain, Wicket, A. Griesbach, and Pollitzer. Tenors:—Messrs. Hill (principal), Boileau, Dubruel, Glanville, Thomas, Trust, Weslake, and Gleadow. Violoncellos:—Messrs. Lovell Phillips (principal), Chipp, Guest, Gardiner, Pettit, Paque, Quinton, and Reed. Contra-Bassos:—Messrs. Rowland (principal), Castell, Flower, Edgar, Mount, Pickaert, Reynolds, and Severn. Flauti:—Messrs. Richardson and Frisch. Oboes:—Messrs. Barret and Chisholm. Clarinets:—Messrs. Lazarus and Badderly. Bassoons:—Messrs. Baumann and Godfrey. Horns:—Messrs. Catchpole, Standen, Kielbach, and Calcott. Trombones:—Messrs. Cioffi, Antoine, and Healy. Trumpets:—Mr. Irwin and Herr Zeiss. Ophicleide:—M. Prosper. Drums:—Messrs. Chipp and Hinchey. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Leader Mr. Thirlwall. Director of the Music, Mr. Box. Chorus Master Mr. Smythson. Managing Director, Mr. Wm. Willott.

After the *Desert* came the National Anthem, “newly harmonized by Dr. Elvey,” in which the solos were allotted to Misses Rebecca Isaacs and Stabbach, Messrs. Benson and Lawler, who acquitted themselves loyally of their staves.

The second part of the Concert was, for the most part, pure “Wednesday.” It began with the Overture to *Oberon*, directed with energy and precision by Mr. Benedict, and

concluded with the ever-green *Figaro*, under equally favourable auspices—the band coming out to advantage in both. Mr. Lindsay Sloper's ingenious dramatic scena, "Joan of Arc in Prison"—admirably sung by Miss Dolby and greatly applauded—came next, and was followed by a lively captivating little ballad of Edward Loder's, "There's a path by the river," in which Miss Rebecca Isaacs was enthusiastically encored, and which was some time ago reviewed in these sheets. "The Chough and the Crow"—ever as green as welcome, solos, Misses Stabbach and Dolby, and Mr. Lawler—succeeded, and gave way in its turn to a well-known cavatina of Verdi, from *I Lombardi*, in which a *debutante*, Mlle. Norie, obtained an encore, which was nevertheless fiercely disputed. This lady has a pleasant contralto voice, and has only to learn to sing well, to sing well.

The only solo of the evening was also decidedly the most attractive feature of the concert—Mendelssohn's *Rondo Brilliant*, in B minor,* for pianoforte and orchestra, Arabella Goddard, pianist. This piece is well known as one of prodigious beauty as well as immense difficulty. It was a favorite with its composer, and was one of the first pieces played by him before a London public. With regard to the performance we entirely agree with our cotemporary, the *Daily News*, who says

"Miss Arabella Goddard's performance of Mendelssohn's "Rondo Brilliant" was all that could have been expected by this gifted young lady's warmest admirers. It was a display of finished execution, beauty of touch, intelligence, and taste, which we have never heard surpassed." Certainly Miss Goddard—who is never more admirable than when the exponent of Mendelssohn's imaginative music—seemed on this occasion inspired with even more than usual divine fire, which always burns within her. She played with all her heart and soul, and there was but one thing to regret, that the so-much-lamented composer could not be present to hear her. The applause which greeted her at the conclusion was no more than the homage justly due to her wonderful talent.

After the rondo, came Mr. Lawler with his spirited version of Handel's, "O, ruddier than the cherry;" and then clever little Cicely Nott—one of Jullien's discoveries and prodigies—came and disputed the palm with Miss Rebecca Isaacs; and in Haas's—or rather, Anna Zerr's—"Tyrolienne," obtained another "Wednesday encore," as Mr. Stammers would have called it, which was well deserved by her sweet singing. The charming madrigal, "Maidens! never go a-wooing," from Macfarren's *Charles the Second*, was well sung by the forty voices, and greatly relished by the company. Cioffi, king of trombonists, made his mighty instrument, after the instance of Bottom, the weaver, "roar you like any sucking dove," in the sweet *lied*—No. 1, from book 2 of the "Songs without Words," by Mendelssohn. This is the one which Wilhelmina

Clauss is so fond of playing, and plays with such exquisite feeling—*Un âme en peine*—to use an ordinary, but expressive French epithet. But for the cadence at the end—injudicious in its place—Signor Cioffi's performance of this beautiful melody would have been perfection. The ever-welcome Poole—such pools are welcome—was more welcome than ever in the old song of "Fair Chlohis," which she sang in the genuine ballad style, of which she is so complete a mistress; as all the world knows. Balfe's nautical and verdant duo, "The Sailor Sighs," was capitally sung by Miss Dolby and Mr. Benson, and, as we have already said, the overture to *Figaro*, &c., &c.

The first Wednesday Evening Concert must be pronounced successful. The continuance of success depends on the directors alone. Let them carry out the principles, not by half measures, but by whole, and they may rely upon it—otherwise not. They have a first-rate musician for their director in the person of Mr. Benedict—who, we should have mentioned, experienced a most flattering reception from the audience. Let them follow his counsel, and they can hardly fail to find themselves in the right path, and prosper. But the seldomer an entire part of a concert is devoted to music of such questionable pretensions as that of M. Felicien David, the better.

We hear that there are to be no fewer than twenty-five Wednesday Evening Concerts, which are to take place weekly; which, supposing one to take place every week, will occupy the space of six months.

The second concert will be given next week.

ROBSON.

(From the "Field.")

In all my experience of the stage, I have never seen a success which equalled that achieved by Mr. Robson on Monday night. The audience *rose* at him; they clapped, they stamped, they roared, they seemed inclined to bring the roof down. And most surely he deserved it all, for, did he never play another part than that of *Jean Desmarais*, he would be remembered as a performer of the highest class. The part is a peculiar one, requiring the delineation of the most different qualities—low cunning, or rather, great intelligence, applied to the basest purposes, strong passions, vulgar humour, hatred, physical weakness allied to mental energy, a love of knavery for knavery's sake, yet a perception of virtue; and all these antagonisms recede within an envelope of the most contemptible and laughter-moving kind. Tell a man to be forcible and tragic, heroic almost, in a part whose level rises to force and tragedy; let his appearance be such as may be not unbeseeming to such expression; and his obedience is not difficult; but make him a figure for ridicule

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dress him like *Obadiah*, in the "Committee," give him whole scenes to perform, through which each word, each grimace, each inflection, are signals for hardly-ceasing laughter, and then tell him, at a point, at the pulling of one string, of the puppet-show, to flash upon the yet shaking audience, in all the force and gravity of stern masculine passion—and is this easy to do? Then let him relapse into his ordinary mood of humoristic self-complacency, until again, like the intermittent puffs of smoke from a sleeping volcano, revealing that something dangerous wakes below the smooth surface of its top—a single sentence, or a mere look, gives a glimpse of the savage man's heart that hides beneath the mask of comedy. Verily, such a performance is difficult indeed, and taxes both the facial and mental resources of an actor to the utmost. This is what Mr. Robson does successfully, and what places his performance of the part of Desmarais in the highest walk of acting. Though smaller in stature than is altogether desirable, he is in other respects highly favoured by Nature. Though by no means an ill-looking man, he has the power of contorting his features to the most quizzical comicality of expression; his eye is very bright, his voice clear and distinct, and capable of almost every variety of tone, and his physical energy seems inexhaustible. To all this praise I must add that, clever as he is, I hope he will not be deceived by the enthusiasm of a first night's success into the belief that he has nothing more to learn. He has—and plenty—nor could he be in a better school than the Olympic, or find a sounder adviser than the manager of that theatre. Without going into the detail of what he lacks, for the complete perception of which I have not yet enough experience of him, I will suggest that his transitions from ironical humour to the expression of strong passion—from the droll to the tragic—are too abrupt. The mind travels rapidly indeed from one object to another; but it *travels*—it does not jump; and there is though short, a time of transition, while the expression of the features, and the tone of the voice, are even longer in following the impulsion of the passions. Those who have seen Frédéric Lemaître know how gradually that great actor always traced up the expression of thought and feeling, never leaping from one phase to another; he is a model that I could wish Mr. Robson had often before his eyes. C.

Foreign.

PARIS, Oct. 23.—ACADEMIE IMPERIALE DE MUSIQUE.—The first representation of the new opera, in two acts, entitled *le Maître Chanteur*, took place on Monday last. The *libretto* is by M. Henry Trianon, and the music by M. Limnander. The *libretto* is anything but new. It is made up of patches from *La Juive*, *Ernani*, and *Luisa Miller*. M. Limnander is known as the composer of *Les Monténégrins* and *Le Chateau de la Barbe Bleue*, in which he showed himself possessed of some dramatic sentiment and the gift of expressive melody. In the music of *le Maître Chanteur*, these qualifications are found in the same degree as in his former productions, but they have not the advantage of being allied to such good

librettos. The opera was followed, on Monday, by *La Fille mal Gardée*, in which Mdlle. Besson played the principal part; and on Wednesday and Friday, it was repeated, with the new ballet, *Elia et Mysis*.—The rehearsals of *La Nonne Sanglante* commenced on Tuesday. *Le Barbier de Seville* and *Betty* are also in rehearsal, for the *rentrée* of Madame Bosio, as well as the *ballet* intended for the *debut* of Mdlle. Rosati.—M. Bonneheé, the young singer, who gained the first prize at the *ancours* of the Conservatoire, is, we understand, engaged at the Académie. *Les Mosquetaires de la Reine* was played on Monday last, for the *rentrée* of Herman Léon and Mdlle. Lemercier. On making his appearance, Herman Léon was greatly applauded. The part of Captain Roland is one in which he excels, and he never performed it with more distinguished success. Mdlle. Lemercier, who has just recovered from a serious indisposition, was charming in the part of Mdlle. de Simiane; and Mdlle. Caroline Duprez was never in better voice, or acted with greater *naïveté* and *esprit*. MM. Mocker and Puget were as usual excellent in their respective parts. *Le Nabab* was played on Saturday, Monday, and Wednesday, with increased success; and on Friday, to give a little rest to Bussine, who played in *Colette* the same evening, the *Mousquetaire de la Reine* was given.—By a decree of the 19th inst., M. le Colonel Ragani was nominated director of the *Theatre Italien* for nine years. The arrangements with the proprietors of the theatre being now terminated, it is certain that the re-opening will take place at the epoch originally fixed, viz., the 15th November. The following is a list of the artistes engaged by the new director:—Tenors,—MM. Mario, Maccaferri, Perez; basses,—MM. Tamburini, Rossi, Ferrari, Florenza, Guglielmi; *Soprani*,—Mmes. Frezzolini, Walter, Albini, Cambardi, Grimaldi, Martini; *Contralti*,—Mmes. Alboni, De Luigi, Ernesta Grisi. For the opening night, *Cenerentola* has been chosen with Mario, Tamburini, and Alboni. M. Ragani intends to produce *Glin Arabi nelle Gallie* of Pacini, and *Il Templario* by Nicola, during the season. The Theatre Français has produced a piece in three acts, entitled *Murillo* (originally named *La Corde de Pendu*). It was for this work that Meyerbeer wrote the new *morceau* which Brindeau sings with so much expression. It is a kind of serenade, quite original in idea and form, in which the hand of a great master is recognised. We must also mention the *entr'acte* and melodramatic music composed for the same work by Offenbach.—Mdlle. Cabal and *Le Bijou Perdu* continue to draw crowds to the Theatre Lyrique. To divide this success, yesterday, an opera ballet, under the title of the *Danseur du roi*, was produced, in which St. Leon made his reappearance, not in company, as before, with Mdlle. Guy Stephan, but with Mdlle. Nathalie Fitzjames, a *danseuse* well known at the Opera. *Le Diable a quatre* has been reproduced at the same theatre, with the music composed by Solié for the amusing piece of Sedaine. It was at that time one of the greatest successes of the Opera Comique, and the receipts of the *Diable a quatre* vied with those of *Cendrillon*. Without creating the same furor, the *Diable a quatre* pleased very much. Mdlle. Girard played the part of Margot with the comic vein with which she is so richly endowed. Mdlle. Petit Brière sang the part of the Countess very well, and Grignon excited roars of laughter by his excellent acting.—M. Fétis père has been in Paris for some days; and M. Thalberg has returned here, with M. Stamaty to boot.—M. Cesare Ciardi, a flautist attached to the Court of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, has arrived in Paris, where he will remain a few days. He goes immediately thence to St. Petersburg;

so that M. Ciardi is not likely to be heard before he quits Paris. Those who know him state that in correctness and purity of tone, and mechanical difficulties, he excels.—M. Vincent, *membre de l'Institut* (Academie des inscriptions et belles lettres), lately exhibited an instrument, divided into quarter tones, upon which he produces the "genre harmonique" of the Greeks, which made a great sensation among the audience.—A report has been spread abroad that the director of the Opera will discontinue the *bals masqués*, but there is no foundation for it. On the contrary, Musard has already prepared a formidable repertoire, consisting of an immense number of the prettiest and most popular quadrilles and other dance music; the two quadrilles on *le Nabab* and *l'Epreuve Villageois*, which have obtained so deserved a success, are placed among the first on the list.

COROGNE.—Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli has been singing *Norma* here with immense success.

NEW YORK.—Jullien's concerts, last week, were of unusual interest. The symphony in C minor was performed, for the second time, on Thursday, and was given even with more precision and effect than on the preceding occasion. The orchestra seemed wrought upon by the immense concourse of people which filled the house to the very ceiling. The *finale* was performed with great enthusiasm, and was received with plaudits by the audience. Koenig rendered most pathetically Beethoven's "Adelaide," imparting to his instrument a certain tenderness and sensibility, which, heard usually only in the human voice, are exceedingly appealing. The public seem, at last, to be becoming impressed by the idea that they really may never hear again such transcendent performers in one group, as Koenig, Bottesini, Wuille, Reichart, and the brothers Mollenhauer. They may well think this. Nor will they soon hear the works of great masters in such a manner translated. A better performance than the overture to *Egmont*, by Jullien's orchestra, was never heard in any capital of Europe. Mdlle. Anna Zerr sang again Mozart's "Queen of the Night," with evident acceptance to the audience. She was recalled, and substituted Proch's Song, which also seems to have become a favourite. On Sunday evening last, Jullien gave another performance of sacred music. Among the selections from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, the grand chorus, "Thanks be to God," deserves special mention, as being so well interpreted by the orchestra (or rather by its admirable leader) that we received a very fair idea of the original. What a masterly composition is this chorus, to be sure!—*Musical World and Times*.

Grisi and Mario have made an engagement in Paris. After this is their time to come to this country. But, we are credibly informed—they won't come. Mario says, "After spending our lives in making a comfortable fortune, why should we risk both life and fortune on the ocean?" A sensible query, truly; more sensible than satisfactory to ourselves.

Madame Sontag gave a benefit concert to M. Carl Eckert and Signor Pozzolini on Tuesday last. Niblo's saloon was well filled, and the concert went off swimmingly. Madame Sontag was as charming as ever, personally and musically. Eckert accompanied Madame with his usual nicety and good taste. The pieces performed were mostly those familiar to the public, and often remarked upon in our columns. Pozzolini and Recco sang, in a very inspiring manner, the Spanish muletter's song—a very clever composition. Badiali felt unusually enthusiastic on the occasion; he positively shouted with the most ungovernable good-feeling. Paul

Julien broke the hearts of all the young misses present, and thoroughly warmed the old hearts with the irresistible pathos of his violin. The concert was entrusted, by Madame Sontag, to Mr. Helmsmuller.

Gottschalk was to give a concert on Thursday evening last,—too late for a notice this week.

Dramatic.

ADELPHI.—The new drama, founded on the French, entitled *The Discarded Son*, has been eminently successful, thanks in main to the admirable acting of Mr. Leigh Murray. The piece has but little action, but it has one or two excellent situations; and if the characters are neither very original, nor very strongly drawn, they are well blended and contrasted. The acting is capital from first to last. Mr. Leigh Murray's best scene, perhaps, is that in which he feigns drunkenness, in order to avoid being recognised by his commanding officer, with whom he has fought a duel, and thereby incurred the penalty of death. This really could not be surpassed in its way. Mrs. Keeley enacts a kind of Amazon, who talks in military phraseology, commemorates the victories of the French over the English in the Peninsula, and the defeat of the latter at Waterloo, and dwells with especial delight on Napoleon's memorable words to his soldiers, "Up, guards, and at 'em." This character is, of course, an English graft on the piece. Miss Woolgar and Miss Maskell are both charming. The latter improves every time we see her, and thus gives still increasing promise of a goodly time to come. The appearance of Miss Woolgar as a market girl in the first act, was warrant enough for abundance of rustic grace and vivacity, and made us regret that she did not retain her disguise throughout the piece. Also, would that this most talented actress combined a little repose with her other graces. The house continues to be crowded nightly.

ROYAL SOHO THEATRE.—An amateur performance took place at this theatre on Monday evening, for the benefit of Miss Annie Somers. The pieces selected were *The Rivals*; the burletta of *Anthony and Cleopatra*, and the farce of *The Turned Head*. Some of the characters in *The Rivals* were very ably sustained. Mrs. Newbery's conception of Mrs. Malaprop, and her acting throughout the piece, deserve great praise. Mr. Harrison had evidently well studied the part of Acres, which he played with great judgment. The Lydia Languish of Miss Annie Somers would have been better had she thrown more animation into the character. This young lady evidently possesses talent, but requires considerable study to fit her for the stage. The remaining amateurs exerted themselves to the utmost, and altogether the performance was very creditable for an amateur company.

GRISI AND MARIO IN GLASGOW.

(From the Glasgow Constitutional.)

THE announcement of the purposed withdrawal from public life of the two most eminent artists, who have for so long been the greatest interpreters of the divine art in its most perfect and enchanting forms to, we may affirm, the whole musical world, cannot be regarded with indifference. In other departments of art, new candidates for public favour, in many respects well worthy of the fame they seek, succeed to those who have occupied high places, and to some extent compensate for their loss; but who is there to occupy the pedestal from which the Norma, the High Priestess of song, is about to descend? who to claim the diadem of "Le Prophète," which the Prince

of Tenors now resigns? We fear we may not look upon their like again, and therefore we hang with fond affection on their last harmonious accents, and would, if possible, retain for ever the deep impression they have made. But do we not anticipate too hastily? Does the announcement of their farewell really mean what it expresses? Why should voices, still rich and fresh, and vigorous, controlled by intelligence, potent, active, and unimpaired, be prematurely hushed? We cannot answer, and we appeal to all who last night listened in the City Hall, whether decayed or failing power force Signor Mario into retirement; and although indisposition almost silenced Madame Grisi temporarily, the records of last season, and more recently her appearances in the provinces, as at Manchester and Birmingham, prove that her wonted fire burns brightly still, and gives promise of yet considerable endurance. As might have been expected, intense disappointment was experienced, when Mr. Hatton craved the indulgence of the audience for Madame Grisi, promising, however, that although seriously indisposed she would appear, and she did so; but she looked so languid, and sang so weakly and indifferently, in the duet and trio of the first part, that we felt relieved when Signor Mario was announced for an English ballad, instead of her aria, "Qui la voce." Although his voice was somewhat husky in the beginning of the evening, in the ballad referred to, which we heard for the first time, and in the canzone, "La donna è mobile," and his own Serenade from *Don Pasquale*, the well-known voice, in power, and quality and tone, and feeling and expression, was there, and moved the audience to redemand and redemand again the Serenade, which is, and must be henceforth, associated particularly with his name. Madame Doria has a delightful voice, of great compass. We presume her register is properly contralto; yet her higher notes are powerful and distinct. She sings with much expression, and commanded, as she deserved, hearty approbation. Madame Dreyfus exhibited very charmingly the power of an improved harmonium, a new model instrument with improved mechanism for expression. Her airs from the *Prophète* and *La Fille du Régiment* were admirably arranged and rendered, and proved a most effective feature of the programme. Signor Ciabatta sang in a duet with Madame Doria, and in the trio from *Ernani*, "Solingo errante," with Grisi and Mario, and an aria by Campana, which he gave with considerable effect. Mr. J. L. Hatton not only accompanied the vocalists very admirably, and in a composition by Mendelssohn, showed himself an accomplished pianist, but also diversified the entertainment by the introduction of several humorous songs, which he sang very pleasantly, and much to the gratification of the audience, who, in truth, we suppose, were more at home with the "Merry Little Fat Grey Man," than with the compositions of Verdi or Vaccai. The arrangements for the comfort of the audience, one of the largest and most fashionable we ever saw in the City Hall, reflect the accustomed credit on Messrs. J. Muir Wood and Co.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA IN LIVERPOOL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Orchestral Union gave a concert at the Philharmonic Hall on Tuesday evening, which fully realized the unanimous eulogy of the London press. The band consists of about twenty-five first-rate instrumentalists, from the Royal Italian Opera, who, under the able direction of Mr. Mellon, make the most of their talents, and prove a credit to this country, all the artistes being, we are happy to say, Englishmen. Indeed, we seem to be rapidly approaching a phase which will give the lie to the old phrase, "the non-musical talent of the English." The Hungarian Band was remarkable for its precision. The Orchestral Union is more so, and without that ultra-vulgarism of assumed taste which strikes

the superficial observer, but cloy on the refined hearer by its continued repetition and sameness. The programme of Tuesday night was principally devoted to the music of Mendelssohn, who could scarcely have wished for a better interpretation, so accurate was the execution, so finished the style. We have scarcely time to give an elaborate notice, but would draw attention to the exquisite manner in which the Italian Symphony was played. "The Charmer" was very prettily sung by Mrs. Alexander Newton, but, to our idea, suffered by the adoption of orchestral accompaniment, instead of piano, for which it was originally written; for Mendelssohn himself would scarcely have made it effective for the orchestra, having conceived it for the piano. The "Adagio and Rondo," from the only violin concerto of Mendelssohn, was very finely played by Mr. Cooper, who stands high as a violinist of this or any other country. We do not quite agree with the reading of this concerto, as, for instance, making the end of the adagio impassioned, than which nothing can be more opposite to its character, in our humble opinion; and the want of impassioned playing in portions of the rondo. This, of course, is mere matter of opinion, and does not militate against the execution, which is always satisfactory with this gentleman. The incidental music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is too well known here to need any comment, from having been so often played at Mr. Thomas's concerts. The only objection we could make is, that the march was played too fast, destroying the effect of majesty, which is so apparent throughout. We were not in time to hear Mr. Mellon's overture, but, from his known talent, feel assured it must have been good. The overture to *Le Domino Noir* went like clock work; and Mr. Pratten created a good effect in his solo, which is of a much better class than flute solos usually are. This society is an important one for England, being composed of Englishmen, and being first-rate. It will, we hope, prove to the public that they may safely patronise the English talent, without neglecting the foreigner, to whom we owe much, but to whom we are apt to pay homage on account of his name, taking his talent for granted. Though we did not hear Mr. Harper's solo, "The Soldier Tired," we must not forget to notice the admiration every one we saw expressed of the best trumpet-player the world can at present produce.

A most pleasing addition was made to our public rooms on Monday evening, by the opening of the New Music-hall, in Bold-street, which has been rebuilt on the site of the old one, and changed into one of the most splendid and agreeable concert-halls in the kingdom. In fact, there is nothing of the sort equal to it in the metropolis; and while the chasteness and tasteful style of the decorations are exceedingly pleasing to the eye, the hall is admirably adapted for sound, the ventilation and lighting—*desiderata* unattainable in London—are as perfect as need be. The hall will accommodate upwards of 1,000 persons, about 200 of whom can be seated in a gallery at one end, while the others are accommodated in comfortably cushioned seats in the body—though we may here state that the backs of the seats are too straight, and rather too close to one another. The general colours of the hall are light pink and blue, and the ceiling, which is lofty and ornamented with appropriate mouldings, varied by the ornamental sunlights, which illuminate the *salle* without glare, and do not interfere with the sound. The windows along one side of the hall are obscured, and are ornamented in the centre by pink coloured panels, each containing an emblematical figure cleverly drawn. At either side of the orchestra is a Corinthian column, with a gilded capital, and beyond each pillar is a handsomely fitted-up private box. On Monday evening the first concert in the building was given by the English Glee and Madrigal Union—Miss Birch, Miss Eliza Birch, Mr. Francis, Mr. Land, and Mr. Bodda,—little Arthur Napoleon, the pianiste, being the only instrumental performer. We were unable to be present at this concert, but, at a morning concert given on Wednesday, we were much pleased with the brilliant manner in which Miss Birch sung "Qui la voce." Arthur Napoleon played a *notturno*, by Ravina, and an *andante* and *rondo capriccioso*, by Mendelssohn, both from memory. The taste, vigour, and expression with which this really talented child delivered both pieces, each very different in style, and bristling with difficulties, was truly wonderful, and equal in every way to performances by artistes of far greater fame and experience. As we do not believe

in the dogma that practice in moderation ruins children of genius we expect great things from Arthur Napoleon. Miss Louisa Pyne, Miss Pyne, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Borroni give two concerts in this hall to-morrow, (Friday,) and Saturday.

Grisi and Mario, and the other members of Mr. Beale's troupe, sing at this Hall on Monday, at the annual concert of Mrs. Scarisbrick, late Miss Whitnall; and there is every prospect that it will be one of the most brilliant reunions of the season. In the winter, Mrs. Scarisbrick intends giving a series of Soirées Musicales, of a more social description than musical entertainments usually are here. The Earl of Sefton and other distinguished persons have promised their patronage.

Mr. E. W. Thomas commences his Classical Chamber Concerts, in conjunction with Mr. B. R. Isaac, early next month. He is also busily engaged in organizing his Winter Concerts, which were so popular at the Philharmonic Hall last year. He has engaged that charming vocalist, Kathleen Fitzwilliam, as his *prima donna*, and a better he could not have.

The next Philharmonic Concert takes place on Tuesday. Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night" will be given, and a selection of glees and madrigals will be sung by the English glee and Madrigal Union, (Lockey and party). Great expectations are excited respecting the operas to be given by Mr. Jarrett's operatic troupe, at our Theatre Royal next week, and judging by their success in Manchester, they will create a great sensation here. G. V. Brooke has been playing at the Theatre Royal, but I have only seen him in *Othello*; the attendance, everywhere but in the boxes, was great, and his reception enthusiastic.

J. H. N.

Liverpool, Oct. 27th, 1853.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

GERMAN AND ITALIAN OPERAS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Norma was the second opera given by the new operatic company. After two successful performances of *Der Freischütz* in German, *Norma* was given in the Italian. There was a *monstre* attendance—the greatest house there has yet been. We were not present, and accounts differ as to the merits of the piece. The *Manchester Guardian* speaks coldly of Mdle. Caradori's *Norma*, whilst many laud it to the skies as her greatest effort. We very much agree with the *Guardian* in his condemnation of the libretto—a more vicious or unsatisfactory story we do not know within the range of the lyric drama.* We must leave Mdle. Caradori's *Norma* itself to be spoken of when we have seen and heard for ourselves; meanwhile we can speak, and warmly too, of Mdle. Caradori's *Lucrezia Borgia*, which we saw and heard on Friday, the 21st instant. A finer piece of vocalisation, or a more able dramatic embodiment of the unattractive, but revengeful and vindictive poisoner, we have not heretofore seen or heard on the Manchester boards. We thought highly of Mdle. Caradori's vocal and dramatic powers in *Agatha*—a part in some respects quite unsuited to her; but in *Lucrezia* her mature and commanding figure, her sweet yet powerful voice—and, above all, her dramatic force and energy—carried all before them. She was tumultuously recalled at the end of the *Introduzione*, and at the close of each act. Her "Com'è bello," and, indeed, her entire singing and acting through the introduction; her singing in the duet with the Duke, "Soli noi siamo," (wherein so impassioned was her delivery that the portion of solo in it, "Oh! a te bada," was obliged to be repeated before the duet could proceed;) the short impassioned scene, in which she gives Gennaro the antidote to the poison he has unconsciously drunk, at the close of the first act; with the whole of the highly-wrought finale to the opera itself, wherein the justly distraught and suffering Duchess discloses to her dying son (again poisoned accidentally by her own orders), that she is his mother—were truly a series of triumphs for Mdle. Caradori, and established her reputation here as a dramatic singer and actress of the highest order. She was ably assisted by

* We beg leave to offer our entire dissent to the "Guardian" and "Our own Correspondent." We consider *Norma* one of the most complete and powerful tragic classical librettos ever written.—Ed. M. W.

Reichardt as Gennaro, who has all the right true feeling of a genuine artist. He gave the celebrated "Di pescatore ignobile," with great sweetness; and in the more impassioned scenes with the Duke, and afterwards with the Duchess alone, he was fully equal to the difficult task of playing and singing up to her. The death scene became quite overpowering, from the naturally affecting (not violent) emotions displayed by the dying son to his new (and too late) found mother. Formes was great as the Duke, but not so great as in Caspar, for the reason that the part of the half-demon huntsman affords more scope for his great melo-dramatic powers, and the music of Weber is better suited to Formes' voice. Tamburini and Ronconi have made Duke Alphonso a part hard to fill by any successor; still Formes is always the great artist,—he dressed and looked the part to admiration, and sang the music as few could. Especially did he shine in the "Vieni la mia Vendetta," although somewhat high for his voice. We were greatly disappointed with the popular trio, "Guai se ti sfugge,"—from some cause or other it failed entirely of its wonted effect; so did the "Brindisi" in the hands of Miss Fanny Huddart, although she sang and looked the part of Orsini well. Miss Huddart's person and figure are well adapted for the stage, which she treads well and gracefully. Her voice, too, is powerful and telling; yet, in the now so well-known drinking song, she seemed to lack that reckless joyousness and *abandon* which can alone give to it its true effect. The concerted music and choruses, to our thinking, went very well indeed, and at the close all the four principals were recalled. Afterwards the overture to *La Gazza Ladra* was given, followed by a ballet divertissement; the whole closing at the reasonable hour of a quarter-past ten. There was a capital house, but not so full as the first *Norma* night.

On Monday last *Norma* was repeated; and being announced as for the last time, we went to the theatre, and were again pleased to find so good a house, although not so crowded from all accounts as on the Thursday previous. Bellini's opera was never so well put on the Manchester stage before. It was an admirable performance; and although we shall never like the story of the libretto, we must express our strong dissent from the adverse criticisms of the *Manchester Guardian*,* especially upon the *Norma* of Mdle. Caradori. It was never our good fortune to see and hear Jenny Lind's version—as the injured woman more than the enraged priestess; nor yet to see and hear the original *Norma* of Pasta, who, it is said, combined both. We have only had the Grisi version, as given by Adelaide Kemble some years ago, and since then by Montenegro and Madame Clara Novello. Supposing the latter reading admissible, (and certainly the erring Druidess has ample provocation in the treatment she receives at the hands of the base Pollio,) our opinion is that Mdle. Caradori's *Norma* is a great piece of acting, and as great a display of impassioned vocalisation. Mdle. Zimmerman sang well in tune, and was effective in the duets, despite her want of power as compared with the *prima donna*. Reichardt was as good a Pollio as ever we heard or saw. His action was peculiarly graceful and becoming; and his singing not only careful and correct, like his acting, but imbued with feeling proper to the situation in every scene, and rising in intensity in the difficult part of the trio finale, with Adalgisa and *Norma* both before him. His dress was most elegant and appropriate. But what shall we say of Formes and his make-up as Oroveso? His high-priest of the Druids was a perfect picture; we really could not have known him. His wonderful voice and its ophicleide-like tones, alone convinced us the great basso was before us!—and how he fills the scene, yet how subdued his acting! What an amazing contrast to his Caspar! and what aid he gives in the concerted and choral music in which he takes a part!—his voice may be heard at the close, sustaining the whole like the pedal note of an organ. After saying what we have of its principals, and the way the opera was put on the stage, it needs not a detailed notice of each individual piece to prove its great success, or to point out great features; a very brief summary must suffice. The opening scene with Oroveso, and chorus, was very effective. "Casta Diva" was finely sung; but the trio above glanced at, "Oh, di qual," was the gem of the first act. All the three—Pollio, Adalgisa, and *Norma*—deserve praise, but *Norma*

* From all we know of the "Guardian," we suspect the "Guardian" to be innocent of musical matters generally.—Ed. M. W.

most. The celebrated "Deh conte" and its brilliant "Mira, O Norma," were admirably given and loudly applauded. "Guerra! guerra!" was done with due warlike energy by Orovoso and the chorus; and the entire of the finale, with its passion, grief, and bitter resignation, was most forcibly given. The final close of all, wherein Norma appeals to her father on behalf of her children, was affecting in the extreme, and afforded Formes an opportunity of showing how he can, when required, touch the tenderest emotions and feelings of the human heart. At times Mdle. Caradori's voice, when exerting herself, and carried away by the passion of the scene, did almost approach to a scream, (particularly in the trio, "Oh, di qual," and the duet with Pollio, "In mia mano,") but it was a musical scream and a dramatic one—consequently, not deserving the notice or censure of the judicious, or detracting in any degree from the greatness of her Norma.

Last evening we again heard *Der Freischütz*, and although the third representation in about nine days, the house was again nearly full. We need not allude particularly to the performance, having fully noticed the same opera in last week's *World*. The same excellencies again marked every part of it as before. Formes got encoired in his drinking song, and Reichardt in his "Through the forest." The "Huntsman's Chorus" met with the same honour, very deservedly. Mdle. Caradori was great as ever in her scena, and we were much struck with her *sotto voce* singing—both in the subdued parts of the grand scena, and in other parts—so delicate was it, yet so clear. She is unmistakably a great *artiste*!

Before these lines meet your readers' eyes, Madame Caradori will have had her benefit, (Thursday night, when *Lucrezia Borgia* is repeated,) and trust she will then have had a bumper, as she deserves, and do not doubt she will have.

Friday.—Formes is already sure of a bumper for the *Huguenots*. Every seat was taken in the dress circle yesterday (Tuesday,) and to-day, (Wednesday,) they are busy stalling the front of the pit, at 5s. each. The renowned basso has evidently made himself popular here during his short stay, and doubtless the selection of the *Huguenots* has tended to increase the demand for places. With his benefit, the Opera season of two short weeks (or only eight representations in all,) will close; and on Monday, the 31st, the same company open at Liverpool.

MUSIC.

(Continued from page 663.)

But the real and substantial reasons for this step in music are, as we have hinted, not so much to be found in the schools of composers and ears of princes as in the improvement of instruments. The experiment of doubling the parts by accompanying the voices in a madrigal or glee with an equal number of instruments, each in unison, of course, with its vocal partner, led to the discovery that the instruments expressed the music quite as well without the singers as with them. The song for four voices accordingly became the quartet for four instruments. This opened the way to all concerted music, and concerted music gradually filled the orchestra. But though the close partnership of instrument and voice in unison was thus dissolved, it was formed again immediately on more advantageous principles. Instruments began to be made use of not merely to swell the volume of sound, but to increase the beauty of the harmony. A trio, duet, or even solo, thus sustained, or, as the natural and technical word is, *accompanied*, was found to produce an effect grateful to all musical ears. The voice was thus set free to avail itself of its great human prerogative—the expression of words—and in this lay the germ of all dramatic music. Nor were the severer provinces of the art, which it had been the labour of generations to establish, at all endangered, but, on the contrary, immeasurably benefited, by these changes. The improvements on the organ had, indeed, mainly contributed to them; but while, in its own unrivalled majesty of combined and sustained notes, it at once did the work of a whole choir of human voices, it provided a far

statelier home, and the only natural one, for the utmost efforts of the fugue.

The first idea of the monody, or single accompanied song, is said to have originated in the last lingering reverence for the name of Greek music. It was at the house of Giovanni Bardi, Conte di Vernio, in Florence, where the chief literati of the day, about 1590, were accustomed to assemble, that the nature of Greek art, and the possibility of reviving its dramatic effect, were frequently discussed. These conversations made a profound impression on the mind of Vincenzo Galileo, father of the astronomer, and himself a distinguished musician; so much so, that he was induced to arrange a scene from Dante for the compass of his own voice, with an accompaniment for the lute. The experiment was received with great applause; other musicians hailed the idea; some applied it to sacred music—some to secular; and in the same year, 1600, the first oratorio *L'Anima e il Corpo*, composed by Emilio di Cavaliere, was performed at Rome, and the first opera, *Euridice*, by Peri and Caccini, was performed at Florence. Thus, after the world had been for centuries misled by the false theory of Greek music, its true *idea*, we are assured, made due atonement by at last pointing the way to the highest intentions of the art. We confess, however, that we have our doubts about giving it all this honour. Music was just then seeking for fresh food, and could hardly have overlooked that which the emotions of every heart suggested. The revival, if any, was just as probably that of the spirit of the Troubadours, which, after having been at a careful school for four centuries or so, now returned endued with all the resources of a sound science. Vincenzo Galileo, we fancy, would have sung a scene from Dante, to the music of his lute, whether Greek dramatic art had been discussed in his presence or not, for the time was come for this order of music to arise. At all events the true electric spark was kindled, it matters not from what natural or accidental heat, and that in the passion-charged atmosphere of Italy; and in Venice alone, between the years 1637 and 1700, according to Mr. Kiesewetter, no less than seven theatres were built, and 357 different operas performed.

But in accepting that magic word *Opera*, we must separate it from most of those accessory ideas which now follow in its train, till the art itself is hardly seen for the halo which surrounds it. There was little of that vocal skill and dramatic power with which rival performers are now competing before rival courts; there was little of that varied fulness in the music in which every passion of the heart now finds some echo: on the contrary, an old opera, with its "*dialogue psalmodisé*," as the French describe it, with its airs, few and far between, accompanied solely by a meagre bass, with a so-called ritornell, played by violins between the parts, and a chorus at the end, was a kind of thing which required a previous course of counterpoint to give it a relish. As to the dramatic effect, we may guess what that must have been, when, so late as the last century, Italian and English performers repeated their parts in the same opera in their respective languages. Such as the opera was, however, it was as much as the heads of the day could stand. It is not the music, but the enthusiasm it excited, we must compare; and this was as much in Lull's time as in Rossini's, and more still, if it be true that the audience used spontaneously to join the performers in singing the choruses.

Music had now begun to feel her own powers. Her whole mission upon earth, as an expression of the feelings and the fancy, which had hitherto been mysteriously kept in the background, till the code of her actual principles had been laid down, was now clear to her comprehension. Hitherto words had been considered as the necessary interpreters of

what sounds meant; now sound began to tell its own tale, as the language of the soul itself—something that all nations were to understand alike, "*car ce qui sait exprimer la nature est de toutes les nations.*" Each walk of art now sent forth its musical ambassadors, commissioned to treat with every mood of the human heart. Monteverde, Carissimi, and Stradella, in Italy, opened fresh veins of treasure in dramatic art; Alessandro, Scarlatti, and Lotti, improved on their steps; Gasparini, and the patrician, Marcello, added softer graces to church composition; Frescobaldi exalted the organ; Corelli endowed the violin; Lulli, Rameau, and Grétry, with their ballet-like melodies, successively seized upon the national characteristics of French taste; Domenico Scarlatti and Sebastian Bach, with their stern gymnastic exercises, strengthened every joint and muscle of musical invention. The German Hasse was adopted by the Italians—the German Glück was adored by the Parisians—in England, Purcell entered through the door which the Restoration had opened, and Handel's mighty tread took up where his lighter step left off—while, for the whole musical world at large, the coming of Haydn announced that of Mozart, as the song of the redstart shows that the nightingale is near.

It is not our intention to pretend to follow the genealogy of musical progress any further. Its generations tread now too closely on each other. The rulers and vice-rulers of the world of sound, voices and instruments, mingle and cross in too intricate a maze of mutual circulation and imitation; families and countries marry and intermarry too nearly, till, with the same principles to guide it, the same cipher to express it, and the same instruments to interpret it, it may be truly said that the literature of music exhibits some of the subtlest and deepest distinctions between country and country.

In the nationalities of modern music—and by modern we mean the best, for the meridian of the great masters is but just past—we are aware that our own land does not take a distinguished part. But if, since the early death of Purcell, England has produced but few native composers of eminence, we may be satisfied in remembering that she has adopted more than any other country. It may be said without presumption that in no respect is the national pride and prejudice so utterly forgotten as in our taste for music: nowhere does the public ear embrace a wider range of musical enjoyment and knowledge; nowhere do the various professors of musical art find fairer hearing or better pay. We have been brought up, as Mr. Rogers says, "in the religion of Handel." Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven are household names among us. We have been learning to like the Italian Opera for the last 150 years at an insane cost. The English musical festivals have been the first in the world both in time and in excellence, and in them the finest achievements of Spohr and Mendelssohn have first found a hearing; while at the same time our solemn cathedral services have preserved the worship of the beautiful English anthem, and some faithful club in every provincial town kept alive the practice of our native glee and madrigal. The English, it must be remembered, do that homage to the fire of Italy and the thought of Germany which neither does to the other. An Italian cannot appreciate the intellectual depths of a German symphony: a German cannot follow the impetuous declamation of an Italian recitative. Handel, in the mouths of most Italian singers, is clothed in a false costume; and as for a thorough-paced German female singer interpreting a solo of Rossini's, we would as soon make it over to an English oyster-woman.

We look with most pride on our national appreciation of Handel. We pensioned him as soon as he ap-

peared, and kept him. The French starved poor Mozart, and dismissed him. Why should not the latter have become the same musical benefactor to them as Handel has been to us? Such encouragements are repaid a hundred fold into our bosoms. What adopted stranger ever deserved the gratitude of a whole people more than Handel does ours? What genius ever gave pleasure of a higher and purer kind to a larger number of our countrymen than that of the mighty master has done, and is ever doing?—for here alone his music is played as he intended it to be—here alone the tradition of his teaching has never been lost sight of—here alone, therefore, his power really tells. He lived long enough among us to become acquainted with the religious depths of genuine English feeling, and gave it a rich endowment and true echo. We feel, on returning from hearing the *Messiah*, as if we had shaken off some of our dirt and dross—as if the world were not so much with us. Our hearts are elevated, and yet subdued, as if the glow of some good action or the grace of some noble principle had passed over them. We are conscious of having indulged in an enthusiasm which cannot lead us astray—of having tasted a pleasure which is not of the forbidden tree, for it is the only one which is distinctly promised to be translated with us from earth to heaven. Who is there of any sound musical taste, or fair musical opportunities, with whom one or more of Handel's solemn sentences of mixed musical and religious emphasis is not laid by among the sacred treasures of his memory, to refresh himself with when weary? Milton's verse in the 'Christmas Hymn' seems a prophecy Handel was sent to fulfil—

"For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould:
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day."

George III.'s enthusiastic love for Handel seems to us the second best example he set his people—his own righteous life being the first. We almost feel as if Handel's sacred music would have reproved the French of infidelity, and enticed the Scotch from Presbyterianism; though perhaps the French crusade would have proved the more successful of the two, for, of all the fancies of a fretful conscience which liberty of opinion has engendered, that which many excellent people entertain on the subject of sacred music seems to us the most perverse. It is useless arguing with those who mistake a total ignorance of the sacred things of art for a higher sense of the proprieties of religion, and who, if they consistently follow up their own line of argument, must class Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and indeed all those whose powers have been of that high order which only the highest themes could expand, as so many delegates of Satan mysteriously permitted to entrap man to his fall through his loftiest instincts of beauty and reverence—as if, alas! he had not enough to ruin him without that. For those who forge the temptation are the real foes. There is no reasoning with those who think it wrong to be edified except when in actual worship, and wicked to praise God in any music but such as is ordinary enough for the whole congregation to join in. Human nature is a strange thing—never a greater puzzle perhaps than when it conscientiously abjures one of the few pure pleasures with which the hands of virtue are strengthened here below.

The mistake consists in ever bringing such matters into the bondage of religious conscience, instead of leaving them to the

liberty of mere feeling. At most, the objection can be but relative. "To him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean"—not to others; therefore let him not require the same abstinence from them. But we confess that we are not inclined to be so tolerant with that objection against the private character of the performers, which, in default of all real argument against the music, is so triumphantly brought forward. We do not admit that the work is to be condemned in the workman, or the art in the artist. At the same time, if there be any line of life the members of which invariably give occasion for scandal, it is but natural and right that it should fall into disrepute. But this is not the case with music. Of course, if we employ foreigners, we must expect them to offend our canons of morality as much in the profession of Music as in any other calling. But this does not apply to our sacred performances. There the parts are, with rare exceptions, filled up by our own countrymen and countrywomen, who, as far as human judgment can decide, are as blameless in their lives and conduct as those who hear them, or those who do not.

(To be continued.)

GLASGOW CITY HALL ORGAN.

At length there is an Organ in the City Hall, and the expression of the mere fact is like the partial relief which a sigh brings to a burthened heart. It is a long time since the attempt was first made to introduce an organ into the service of the Established Church in Glasgow—somewhere, we believe, about half a century ago. When the late Rev. Dr. Ritche tried to have an instrument placed in St. Andrew's Church, he was met with such an amount of popular clamour that the sinful "kist fu' o' whistles" had to be turned out of doors, and the print shops of the day exhibited the rev. gentleman in the guise of a street musician, with the offending instrument on his back. Times are much changed since then. At that period many things were law which have been repealed by the voice of the Legislature, and others have become obsolete by the change which has come over the public mind. It is not very long since "drunken precentor" was a common by-word, and the epithet "fiddler" was applied, in a disrespectful sense, to every person (except perhaps the Neil Gow's of the day) who had learned to discourse a little music upon any instrument. Music was considered, if not sinful, at least not respectable, and by consequence, all music, saving a few hum-drum old psalm tunes, and a limited number of reels, strathspeys, and country dances, was next to prohibited. We do not know when this dark age of music first began in Scotland, nor is it of very much importance at the present time to discuss to what it owed its origin, but this we do know, that the darkness was altogether cimmerian, and its thick murkiness threw a gloom upon all the arts for a very long time indeed. In former days Scotland was a musical country. There is sufficient historical evidence to prove that the art must have at one time been cultivated very extensively, and now we think that the dawn of a new era is apparent, and we fervently trust that nothing will interfere to check the movement which we know has begun throughout our native land.

In all the cities, large towns, and in many of the villages of Scotland there are glee clubs, choral societies, and instrumental parties, and the number of those who can read music with the voice, or by the aid of an instrument, has wonderfully and rapidly increased within the last twenty years; and it appears to us that the magnificent organ which has been erected in the Glasgow City Hall, is in some sort the first-

fruits of the musical revolution which the facts we have alluded to indicate. Many of our readers must be aware that the idea of having a city organ originated in the first place with a few members of the Glasgow Musical Association, and that idea, small though it was at the beginning, has effloresced into the most perfect and complete, if not the largest organ in the kingdom. And now that the organ is built, is it too much to anticipate that the progress of musical knowledge will be accelerated by its aid? We think not. Those who used to take a delight in hearing or in practising the current popular music, whether sacred or secular, will, now that the organ has been erected, have an opportunity of listening to the sublime choral harmonies of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn, accompanied by the only single instrument which can give them proper effect, and they will learn to appreciate the solemn and severe grandeur of the world-renowned fugues of John Sebastian Bach. Such music will create a new taste, and lead to a farther study and a more thorough knowledge amongst professors, as well as amateurs and the public generally; and we rejoice in the prospect which is thus opened before us. We rejoice that the organ, may be the means, along with other things, of aiding the cause of social improvement. Music in itself cannot do anything to elevate the people any more than it can demoralize them. In itself it is neither good nor bad, but, by association, it may be made to subserve the cause of truth, it may be made to awaken the imagination—to inspire great and heroic deeds—to advance the cause of virtue and morality, and in this way we hope the organ will become a powerful agent in helping to rescue numbers of the debased and the vile from their habits of wretchedness and immorality.

At present we fear there is too much work and too little play. There is too much hewing of wood and drawing of water, and the finer and more generous spiritual promptings of our nature are little cared for. Man is not all mud. He is more than stomach and cuticle. He has moments of inspiration, when he thinks and feels like a god; and it is the duty of all who are in authority, or who, by their position and circumstances, have it in their power to infuse more of the poetical and the imaginative into the routine of the daily life of the people by every available means. And what means is so suitable, so pleasing, and so little alloyed with anything material and selfish as music. Like the waitings of the breath of spring, it gives health and happiness, and with these the promise and the odour of the earth's sweetest flowers, and asks for nothing in return but an amiable disposition and a happy temperament.

We trust the day is not far off when there will be a city Organist and a city Conductor of music, a part of whose duties it will be to give weekly performances of the greatest works of the greatest masters, and at the smallest possible price. The organization of a system of such concerts would be worthy of a great city; and, while it would be efficient in an educational point of view, it would properly and naturally supplement and complete the labours of those gentlemen who have brought the organ to the City Hall.

We have to congratulate our musical readers that an important local desideratum has been at length satisfactorily supplied. Our spacious City Hall, after an agitation for the purpose of some nine years' duration, is this week provided with an organ of extraordinary excellence, both as regards exquisiteness of tone and general range of power. This noble instrument, which is allowed to be one of the best in the three kingdoms, is, as our readers are already aware, from the establishment of Messrs. Gray & Davison, the celebrated organ builders of London, and it certainly reflects the highest credit upon the professional resources of the firm. When lately

tested in the metropolis, indeed, this wonderful "kist o' whistles," as our stern reforming forefathers contemptuously dubbed the organ, excited general admiration, and called forth the highest encomiums from several of the leading journals. We were, therefore, in some degree prepared for the fine musical effects which it is capable of producing. We must admit, however, that on hearing it for ourselves, we were thoroughly astonished at the grandeur of its combined, and the delicious sweetness and flexibility of its individual tones—at one time filling the vast hall which it now adorns with a perfect flood of harmony, and at another trilling out one single thread of melody with the delicious softness of a girl's voice. In the words of Coleridge's ancient mariner,—

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it was an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute."

On Tuesday evening, the 11th instant, according to announcement, a grand concert, vocal and instrumental, was given in the City Hall, for the purpose of affording the citizens an opportunity of forming an opinion with regard to the qualities of this valuable instrument. On this occasion, the eminent musician, Mr. Henry Smart, organist of St. Luke's, London, presided at the organ, and during the evening he performed to admiration a variety of the most sublime and difficult compositions of the great masters, while Mr. Seligmann conducted the vocal band, which consisted of the members of the Glasgow Musical Association, in a highly efficient manner. The pieces selected were excellently calculated to test the capacities of the organ; and we feel persuaded, that every individual who heard the performances must have been highly gratified with the general results. To many persons who were there when Mr. Henry Smart gave his first extempore performance, *Adeste Fideles* being the theme, the sensation must have been as unexpected as it was new. We do not mean to enter upon any review of the manner in which this gentleman displayed the various powers, "now soft as lovers' whisperings, and now loud as Jove's thunder," because he has a world-wide reputation, and no word of ours can do justice to his merits. This preliminary part of the performance, indeed, may be compared to the putting of a steed through his paces, and we are happy to say the trying experiment proved in every respect satisfactory. The manipulation of Mr. Smart was masterly in the extreme, and the effects produced were sufficient to justify the highest praise. The vocal performances were confined to the first part of the programme, and consisted principally of selections from the most beautiful sacred compositions of Handel and Haydn. These were rendered in a style which is certainly highly creditable to the Musical Association, the members of which are evidently in excellent training. "Luther's Hymn" arranged by Bach was executed with great sweetness and feeling by the choristers, without accompaniment, and called forth an enthusiastic encore, while several of the other choral productions led by the organ were given in an exceedingly effective manner. The second part of the selection consisted entirely of instrumental pieces, among which were the sublime overture to *Der Frieschule*, an extempore introducing the Scotch airs of "Ye Banks and Braes," "My Boy Tammy," and "The Boatie Rows," all of which were exquisitely rendered, and called forth the hearty plaudits of the audience. In the grand march from *Le Prophete*, the full powers of the instrument were called into operation, and this grandeur of general effect and a variety of intonation which the combined instrumentation of a full orchestra could scarcely have surpassed. Anything more thrilling we have indeed seldom experienced.

From the highest swell of harmonious sound, to the most clear and expressive tricklings of melody, every note was distinct, firm, and telling, frequently recalling to the entranced listener's mind the poet's lines—

"Notes with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony."

We have again to congratulate our fellow-citizens on the acquisition of this powerful and fine-toned instrument. To the gentlemen who have exerted their influence to secure this boon to the community, we certainly owe a deep debt of gratitude. It is now about nine years since the proposal to obtain an organ for the city first broached. At that time a committee was formed for the purpose, of which Mr. G. W. Muir was the secretary. Great difficulties were experienced, and we believe considerable expense was incurred by the parties who then engaged in the movement. It is to the civic authorities, however, and more especially to Councillors Harvey and Orr, that we are more immediately indebted for the realization of the scheme. All credit be to these gentlemen for their labours in this matter. The consciousness of having brought such a long-cherished design to a successful termination, must be to them "its own exceeding great reward." The satisfaction evinced by the large and highly-respectable auditory who assembled to listen to the opening performances on Tuesday evening, would, we have no doubt, be abundantly gratifying to all who have interested themselves in the production of this important addition to our local sources of enjoyment.

The second performance was given on Thursday evening, which, like that of Tuesday, was attended by a large assembly of well-pleased auditors. Indeed, so well pleased were they, that they signified their pleasure by more loudly and vociferously applauding the sacred than the secular music. This Beotian want of taste must cease. The Oratorios of the great masters were religious services in their own estimation. Hadyen began all his scores with the words "*In nomine, Domini*," or "*Solo Deo Gloria*," and finished them all with the words "*Laus Deo*," and it seems to us something not far short of sacrilege, to hear shouts, hand-clappings, and thumpings of the feet at the close of such words and music as that of "The Heavens are telling the Glory of God," of Haydn, or the magnificent "Hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," of Handel. This habit of applauding sacred music is out of all taste, and should be written and spoken against, until it is no more practised amongst us. A crowd of half-tipsy haunTERS of the saloons of the Saltmarket could do no more though they were listening to the howlings and stampading of a coarse monster with a blackened face, bursting his lungs in giving vent to some negro melody. In such a place, such a mode of procedure may be quite appropriate; but in the City Hall, after sacred music, it is a mark of unpardonable barbarism.

Two extra performances, morning and evening, were given on Saturday. The one in the evening was expressly devoted to the working classes. The Hall was crowded in every part.

Reviews of Music.

"MON PETIT BON HOMME"—Invitation à la valse, pour flûte et piano—par ANTONIO MINASI. T. Prowse.

If our readers' voice call their imagination into play, they will have no difficulty in finding a meaning to the title of the above piece composed by M. Antoni Minasi, and if they are flute players, and will take the trouble of playing the piece through, they will find that no "petit bon homme" will refuse to waltz, if backed by so elegant an "invitation." Although the flute part is written

chiefly among the high notes of the instrument, yet it is by no means difficult; and taken as an exercise, it would be of infinite service to the student. The melody given to the flute throughout is excessively flowing and effective; the pianoforte accompaniment is well put together, and the harmonies are correct and musician-like. We cordially recommend "Mon petit bon homme" to the notice of the musical world in general, and flautists in particular.

Original Correspondence.

THE FLUTE *versus* A BILLY.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

My Own World,—Since my last appeal to you to be our medium to aid us to rap out a little spirit in defence of our love, my attention has been directed to a very bilious attack, evidently not made under the influence of any sort of *punch*. *Billies* seldom write under its influence. The letter is certainly not a *billet-doux*, and if, therefore, my *amour-propre* is excited in self-defence, it must not be wondered at, if I also turn "a Billy." It would be interesting to know what the "Billy" means by speaking of the flute as the "sky-lark" of the orchestra, and then anxiously adds "Do not for one instant imagine that I fancy"—what imagination and fancy!—"they are always soaring above." It will be seen that "A Billy" was soaring above, for this is the most heavenly part of his letter; but he has lowered himself (without being vulgar) by wishing to have a "lark." As the flute is to be called a "sky-lark," what is the clarinet, the bassoon, &c., to be called? I suppose the wood-instruments, excepting the bassoon, would be classed "tops," and the horn, bassoon, &c., "bottoms;" certainly a primitive classification, and therefore very simple. Another simple method is given by "A Billy," for those who "ever feel wrath with flutes and flute music." "Let him," says he, "turn to the sonatas of Kuhlau, and he will be cooler." What a cool statement to make. The simplicity of this will be better understood when it is borne in mind that amateurs in general, generally "be" *hotter* when they "turn-to" to play Kuhlau's sonatas. Billy must, therefore, refrain in future from making remarks so coolly. "A Billy" names Dick Swiveller lulling himself to sleep by playing the flute in bed, which, it must be admitted, is the strongest argument against the flute, and which it would almost be vain to attempt to deny; but, ye gods, and shade of Nicholson! is not the flute for ever immortalized by poets as "Il Flauto Magico?" Who ever heard of Il Clarinetto Magico, or the magic pianoforte? Why the very utterance of such a sentence seems a profanation. Enough, Magic Flute! I will not waste words in thy defence, because, forsooth, a Dick Swiveller blew himself out! My idea, however, of the affair (whatever Dickens may think) is that Dick Swiveller had had a "blow-out" before he went to bed; and, therefore, his going to sleep while playing the flute, will not play the *Dickens* with its well-earned and high reputation. "A Billy" is not quite so sharp as the celebrated rat-catcher of that name; and before he can pounce upon and exterminate his victim, he must go somewhere else than to Percy Street. "Il Flauto Magico" is not, however, in the least desirous of a "doffing of his beaver," or any token of respect and esteem for any such *Billy*.

My own dear old World,—I am grieved at the fact that any one could be found so callous as to arrange overtures for two flutes! or any two orchestral instruments; or that any house could wish for such abominations of arrangements! As an orchestral instrument, the effect of the flute has met with due attention from the great masters. As a solo instrument, the names of Kuhlau, Lindpaintner, Charles Edward Horsley, and Henry Westrop, show the estimation which classical composers have had and have for the flute. Beethoven was the friend of Kuhlau, and Mendelssohn was the friend of Drouët. It was at Drouët's last concert in this country, at which Mendelssohn's overture to Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream* was first given, under the direction of the composer. The flute, however, is not so useful an instrument to the composer as the violin, which may account perhaps for the paucity of flute-music by the great masters. It is essential that every composer should be more intimately acquainted with the violin than any other orchestral instrument, it being the

principal instrument of the orchestra. Beethoven and Mendelssohn have both written concertos for the violin, which, of course, would tend to improve the standard of its music. With regard to the flute being an effective solo instrument, it may be sufficient to state that when Drouët first came to this country, in 1819, he played at the Philharmonic his concerto, known as the "Catalani Concerto." I have been told by one who heard him on the occasion, that he created the greatest sensation, and that from the orchestra he was applauded "with the greatest enthusiasm." Let any one who doubts what the flute is capable of, refer only to this concerto. The *Adagio* consists of two pages. Should further proof be required, Drouët's One Hundred Studies, in four vols., will hardly leave a doubt on the subject. These extraordinary Studies were written by M. Drouët to show what he conceived the flute to be able to accomplish. A flute solo was rapturously encored at even Paganini's concerts. Who can, who once heard Nicholson, forget the majesty of his playing? Was that not on the flute?—the old flute! Tulou's far-famed *Le l'oiseau* was formerly the rage at the Grand Opera, at Paris, for many seasons; and it may, therefore, be supposed that the ever-memorable flute solo in the *William Tell* overture, and the pleasing *Zanetta* flute overture, were written by Rossini and Auber expressly for M. Tulou. "A Billy" forgets that when Handel answered the anxious leader, who informed him with trembling that he had only one flute in his orchestra, that "nothing could be worse, except two flutes," it was the old flute that Handel was wrath about; and that now we have the Boehm-Parabola-Cylindrical-Siccama-Nicholson-bore-Equisonant-perfected De Folly flutes, which, if lovers of the flute will only *handle* with more love, a sympathy will immediately take place, and (astonishing as it may appear) *without any effort whatsoever*, it will be discovered that they are possessed of "the very identical flute."

With affectionate regard and the deepest respect, I beg to remain, my own World,

Yours, ever affectionately,

"IL FLAUTO MAGICO."

October 22nd, 1853.

FARQUHARSON SMITH.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—In answer to a correspondent, who inquires if Mr. Farquharson Smith is related to the Farquharsons of Dorset, I can inform him, that he is second cousin to the J. J. Farquharson of Langton Hall, near Blandford.

Yours, &c.,

VIATOR.

Cromer, Oct. 22.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Would you have the goodness to inform a very old subscriber, whether Mr. Farquharson Smith is any relation to Mr. Albert Smith?

Yours very truly,

SEPTIMUS.

Lambeth.

[We refer correspondent to preceding letter for a satisfactory explanation.—ED. M. W.]

HOW TO WRITE AN OVERTURE.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—In your last number you have inserted an article entitled "How to write an Overture," without saying one way or the other who is the author or authoress.

May I request your stating that the article in question was adapted and translated from the Italian by my wife. It originally appeared in a defunct Journal, about three years past, called "The World," for which she never received any remuneration, though promised frequently by the editor and manager.

Such being the case, and it being allowed to possess some little degree of merit, I re-printed it, at the request of numerous friends,

at the end of a little brochure I published on the 15th instant, entitled "The London Season of 1853, or Lays Musical and Lunatic."

I have the honour to be,
Yours very obediently,
H. J. ST. LEGER.

130, Jermyn Street, St. James's,
October 26th, 1853.

Provincial.

LEICESTER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—The long talked-of musical inauguration of the New Temperance Hall took place on Wednesday last with a morning performance of the *Messiah*, and a miscellaneous Evening Concert; and but for an unfortunate misunderstanding, (which prevented the attendance in the morning, of Mr. and Mrs. Lockey,) would have been the most successful musical undertaking given in this locality for many years. It appears that the date originally fixed for the Festival was the 20th of October, (Thursday), but the committee finding that Mrs. Sunderland, (one of the other principal vocalists), had a prior engagement for that day, selected the day previous (the 19th), this alteration was notified to all those engaged during the Bradford Festival, but it appears Mr. Lockey, (whose punctuality is so well known in every engagement he accepts), omitted by some accident to alter the date in his book, and hence arose the unfortunate *contretemps*. Notwithstanding the rain, which literally fell in torrents throughout the day, the Hall was fully and fashionably attended for both performances, and the audience good humouredly bore the morning's disappointment, as they were evidently satisfied that a mistake had occurred, which could not have been foreseen. The electric telegraph was soon at work to ascertain the whereabouts of the missing pair, but without success; (and I understand Mr. Lockey only received the communication when at Leicester on Thursday morning,) when all chance of their arrival was at an end. Mr. Oldershaw, the local tenor, kindly offered to undertake the remainder of the *Messiah*. Mrs. Sunderland, Mad. Weiss, and Mr. Weiss, were the other principals, and sang the music allotted to them in a manner worthy of their reputation. The songs which made the greatest impression were, "The People that Walked in Darkness," by Mr. Weiss, (who has now no rival for quality of voice and correctness of style, amongst our English Bases), "Rejoice Greatly," by Mrs. Sunderland, "If God be for us," also by Mrs. Sunderland, and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," by Mad. Weiss, (who made her first appearance in Leicester.) I must also notice in terms of commendation, "The Trumpet shall sound," the difficult trumpet *obligato* in which was admirably played by Mr. Ellwood of Manchester. The choruses, with the exception of a little unsteadiness in the two first (which may be accounted for by the uncertainty prevailing about the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Lockey), went well, and reflected credit upon those to whom the drilling has been entrusted. As to the Band, its superiority over everything of the kind in Leicester was apparent to every competent judge. Messrs. H. Blagrove and Gill led, and Mr. Lucas conducted the Oratorio (and indeed the whole Festival), in a manner which won him golden opinions from all who were present, every point being given with effect under his careful superintendence. The Oratorio concluded about half-past two o'clock, when the Committee held a council of war, and decided to send immediately (per telegraph) for Miss Dolby, who fortunately being at home, at once started for Leicester. In the meantime, Mr. Lockey, having called for some orchestral parts at Mr. Goodwin's, Upper Wellington Street, Covent Garden (who supplied the music for the Festival), discovered the mistake in the day, and had the good idea to endeavour to reach Leicester, if possible, for the Evening Concert, in which he succeeded. Mr. Lucas had, therefore, the agreeable office of announcing previous to the commencement of the Concert, that, in addition to all that had been promised, Miss Dolby also would assist.

The Concert commenced with Rossini's Overture to "Guillaume Tell," the opening Cello solo (for five violoncellos? *Ed.*) being charmingly played by Mr. Hausmann. This was followed by

Mr. Lucas's elegant quartett, "The Seasons," to which succeeded Mrs. Sunderland, in "Gratias agimus," excellently sung, and beautifully accompanied on the clarinet by Lazarus, whose tone and perfect execution delighted the audience. Next came Mr. Weiss, in Schubert's song, "The Wanderer," which was deservedly encored. An old favourite in Leicester now made his appearance, in the person of Mr. Hausmann, who performed his violoncello solo on "Swiss airs" in a masterly manner. The grand *Scena* from *Der Freischutz* ("Softly sighs,") afforded Madame Weiss an opportunity of displaying her voice and expression to advantage. The accompaniments were capitally given by the orchestra. Miss Dolby now came forward, and was received with several distinct rounds of applause, to which she was eminently entitled for her ready and kind exertions to help the Committee out of their difficulty. (What did Miss Dolby sing? *Ed.*) Mr. Lockey followed, and the pleasure of the audience at the sight of their old favourite knew no bounds. He sang Hatton's beautiful ballad, "Absence" (rather an appropriate title under the circumstances), in his usual chaste style. The same expressions of good feeling were extended to Mrs. Lockey on her appearance. The "Tramp" chorus was encored, and the first part of the Concert concluded with Weber's overture to *Oberon*, in which the strength of the band was effectively shown.

The second part opened with a selection from Mendelssohn's music, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, consisting of the Overture, Scherzo, the two part Song, and a Chorus, "Ye Spotted Snakes," and "The Wedding March." The overture was hardly so well played as the other pieces; the second bassoon being hardly in tune with the other instruments in the commencement and termination. The fanciful and piquant Scherzo was well given, the flute *obligato* at the end, Mr. Nicholson made tell with great effect. The song and chorus were both sung with precision, though the altos were rather too heavy for the female voices. The inspiring "Wedding March," satisfactorily concluded the first performance of this beautifully descriptive music in Leicester.

The other noticeable features in the programme included a violin solo performed by Mr. Blagrove, who was enthusiastically received. Mr. Blagrove is partly considered a Leicester man, his father having resided here for many years. Mr. Lockey's old song, "He was famed for Deeds of Arms," was encored. The "Echo" song of Sir H. R. Bishop, sung by Mrs. Sunderland, and accompanied by Mr. Nicholson on the flute, was also similarly complimented. The same author's quintett, "Blow, gentle gales," not very new here, was well rendered by Mad. Weiss, Mrs. Lockey (whose beautiful contralto voice appears fresher than ever), Messrs. Oldershaw, Royce, and Briggs, and evidently appreciated by the audience. The "Slave girl's love," by Mrs. Lockey (encored), preceded "God save the Queen," which appropriately terminated the most successful concert ever given in Leicester. The Hall is one of the best ever constructed for musical purposes, every note, vocal or instrumental, *piano* or *forte*, being heard distinctly in any part of it, and the performers one and all assert it to be rarely equalled in the kingdom for ease to perform in. It is elegantly decorated, and presented, when lighted up, and filled as on Wednesday evening, a *coup d'ail* of great attraction. I have not yet learnt what the receipts or expenses are, but hope that something will be able to be set apart for the laudable object for which the Festival was given, viz., the erection of an organ for the practise and promotion of music on a popular scale. I hope to be able to report successfully from time to time of the "Concerts for the People," which Mr. Nicholson commences in the same room on Tuesday, November 1st.

BEDFORD.—A concert was given at the Bedford Rooms on Friday last, by Mrs. Rose, a resident professor, under the patronage of the Earl de Grey, Colonel Gilpin, M.P., Lieutenant-Colonel Higgins, Major Hastings Russell, M.P., and the Officers of the Bedfordshire Militia. The orchestra consisted of several professors and amateurs of Bedford and its vicinity, assisted by the following well-known artistes from London:—Flute, Mr. Card; harp, Mr. Trust, who played a concertante-duett, by Bocha and Tulon, with great effect. Mr. Card also played Drouett's Variations to the Huntsman's Chorus, which was deservedly applauded. Mr. Trust

played a Fantasia on "My lodging is on the cold ground," with great expression. The vocal parts were sustained by Mr. Nunn, and Mr. and Miss R. Haynes, of Bedford. Miss Cicely Nott and Miss Sara Card, from London, who sang Rossini's Duet (from *Tancredi*) "Fiero incontro," and elicited loud applause. Miss C. Nott sang the "Echo" song, by Naas, and "Comin' thro' the Rye" extremely well, and was encored. "The Death of Nelson" was effectively given by Mr. Nunn, and the song of Abt, "When the swallows," by Miss Card. Mr. Haynes sang "O! ruddier than the cherry," with taste, and also took part in Barnett's duet, "The Singing Lesson," with his sister, who is very young, and evinces promise. Bishop's glee, "Blow, gentle gales," and the "Curfew," by Attwood, were sung by Miss C. Nott, Miss S. Card, Mr. Nunn, and Mr. Haynes. Mr. Rose accompanied several of the pieces on the piano and harmonium, and deserves credit for the manner in which the concert was conducted. The room was crowded, and attended by the patrons of the concert, as well as by the principal families of the county.

NORTHAMPTON CHORAL SOCIETY.—This society gave its third performance for the year on Tuesday evening week, at the Music Hall of the Exchange, consisting of Handel's Oratorio, *Judas Maccabæus*, Miss Messent and Mr. George Tedder being the professional vocalists engaged. *Judas Maccabæus* was composed by Handel in the space of little more than a month, having been begun on July 9th, and finished on August 11th, 1746. The words of the Oratorio were written by the learned Rev. Dr. Morrell, at the request of Handel, and by the recommendation of Frederick, Prince of Wales, the father of George III. The plan of it was designed as a compliment to the Prince's brother, the Duke of Cumberland, on his returning victorious from Scotland, after the decisive battle of Culloden, April 16th, 1746. The performance of the work on this occasion, was, on the whole, highly satisfactory, evidencing a decided advance towards greater perfection in choral singing. The band, to which several additions have been lately made, has also greatly improved during the last quarter. The choruses, "O Father! whose Almighty Power," "Fall'n is the foe," and "We never will bow down," were well rendered. The fine and difficult chorus, "Hear us, O Lord!" was not so satisfactory, owing to the want of steadiness. In the solo portions of the work, the fine voice of Miss Messent was greatly admired, especially in the air, "From mighty kings," said to be the last ever written by Handel, and "So shall the lute and harp awake." Mr. George Tedder, who took the tenor music, made his first appearance before a Northampton audience. He possesses a voice of great power, and well suited to the large Music Hall. When, by diligent study in his art, he overcomes the habit of hurrying the music (for we understand this was his first appearance in an oratorio), he will take a high position among our English tenors. Miss Jones gained the well-merited applause of the audience in her delivery of the airs, "Pious orgies," and "Father of Heav'n;" and also Mr. Wicks, in the difficult air, "The Lord worketh wonders. The attendance, considering the unfavourable state of the weather, was very numerous.—*Northampton Herald*.

ATHERSTONE.—(From a Correspondent.)—On Monday evening, the 17th instant, Mrs. Paget (late Miss Clarke, of the Royal Academy of Music), gave a vocal and instrumental concert in the Town-hall, under the patronage of the Earl and Countess Howe, and most of the surrounding nobility. The vocalists were Mrs. Streather of London, Mrs. Paget, and Mr. Paget; the instrumentalists, Mr. Streather (harpist), from the Royal Italian Opera, Mr. H. Nicholson (solo flautist to his Grace the Duke of Rutland), and Mr. J. Thompson, piano. The concert commenced with Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, for harp, flute, and piano, which was admirably played. A charming ballad of Macfarren's, "Forget it not," from the *Sleeper Awakened*, then introduced the fair *beneficiare*, who made her first public appearance here—her native place; and the enthusiastic reception she met with showed how highly the audience appreciated her. The nervousness, natural on a first appearance among her friends, was perceptible in her voice, but she nevertheless created a very favourable impression. Mrs. Streather next sang Farmer's clever song, "I'll follow thee," accompanied by harp and flute, with excellent effect. Mr. Streather then played a solo on the harp on Irish airs, in a style which proved him worthy of the

famous band to which he belongs. Mr. Paget's "Reefer," by Rockstro, was a little unsteady, which may be easily accounted for in one having the fatigue and anxiety of managing a concert. Mrs. Streather and Mr. Paget next gave Horn's charming duet, "I know a bank," in a style that narrowly escaped an encore. Mr. Nicholson's flute solo on "Rule Britannia" was rapturously encored, and proved him worthy of his reputation as one of the first flautists of the day. Mrs. Streather and Mr. Paget next gave Mercadante's duetto from *Elisa e Claudio*—"Se un istante," in capital style, and were warmly applauded. Mr. Paget's fine bass voice here came out with excellent effect. Mrs. Paget's rendering of Mercadante's famous Recit e cavatina, "Se ni abbandoni," showed she had studied under a first-rate master, and brought out the tones of the fine contralto voice with which this lady is gifted. Bishop's trio, "Blow, gentle gales," closed the first part. The second part commenced with a pianoforte solo, "Beatrice di Tenda," by Rosellen, which our clever townsman, Mr. Thompson, played, narrowly escaping an encore. Mrs. Streather's rendering of "The Mocking Bird," by Bishop, with flute obligato by Mr. Nicholson, was capital; this lady possesses an excellent mezzo soprano voice, and manages it well. Mr. and Mrs. Paget gave Donizetti's duetto, "Senza tanti complimenti," and were followed by Mr. Streather's harp-solo, "The Fairie's Dance," by Parish Alvars. Mr. Streather's harp playing excited much admiration. Linley's ballad "Constance," was next given by Mrs. Paget, and met with an encore. Fioravanti's "Singing Lesson," by Mrs. Streather and Mr. Paget, next succeeded. Mr. Paget then sang an aria, "Ecco il pegno," from *Gemma di Vergy*, with much taste and expression, after which, he with Mrs. Paget gave Balfe's duet, "O'er Shepherd Pipe," very effectively. After Macfarren's trio "The Troubadour," the National Anthem brought the Concert to a close, and the most effective, perhaps known in Atherstone for many years. The only cause of regret was, that Mr. Nicholson had not more to do. The weather was most unpropitious, but Mrs. Paget was greeted by a full and fashionable audience, among whom were the Dowager-Marchioness of Downshire, Sir George Chetwynd, Bart., C. H. Bracebridge, Esq., and party, and most of the leading families of the town. Mrs. Paget's recent successful *debut* in Birmingham had excited such general interest in this neighbourhood, that we are confident, that had the weather been favourable, great numbers would have been unable to obtain admission. Mrs. Paget's *forte* being in sacred music, a morning concert of sacred, and another evening concert, is generally wished for, and will, we hope, soon take place.

THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.—Miss. Lockey, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Lockey, and Mr. H. Phillips, have given successful concerts this week at Wolverhampton, Bridgenorth, Stafford, Manchester, and Warrington. Mr. Hayward's second concert took place, in accordance with the advertisement, on Monday evening, at the Corn Exchange; and, as we anticipated from the programme, it proved to be one of the most delightful concerts we ever had the pleasure of attending. We are not often, at our musical entertainments, able to re-echo the words of the poet and exclaim—

"That strain again—it had a dying fall,
Oh, it came on my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odours."

—Not so on Monday evening. With a few exceptions, the music selected was precisely such as doubtless floated before Shakespeare's imagination as he penned these lines, and it were superfluous to say how that music was rendered. The names of the artists are sufficient. Not the least recommendation of this concert, to our minds, was its thoroughly English character. The composition and execution of madrigals and glees were carried, in time past, to a greater perfection in England than anywhere else; and although the complex and difficult, though brilliant writings of more recent Italian composers, may for a while have superseded our glees, yet, evenings like that of Monday last, are rapidly re-establishing both their popularity and pre-eminence as musical compositions. As we look over the programme and recal to mind the different pieces which delighted us, we dwell with particular pleasure on many of our old

favourites—for instance, "When winds breathe soft," which is looked upon by some as being the finest glee in the language, was never more pleasingly sung. "Here, in cool grot," the deservedly popular composition of the father of the great Duke, introduced the very charming four part song by Muller, which was the gem of the first part, if not of the whole evening's entertainment. The second part of the concert consisted of songs, among which were some very agreeable compositions of Mr. Hobbs. Mr. Lockey sang with that impassioned style for which he is so well known, one of these, "Nina," and very effective it was. The most striking and beautiful song to our mind, was the one given by Mrs. Lockey, composed especially for that lady by Mr. Edward Land, brother of Mr. Land, of this town, "When sorrow sleepeth." The simplicity and truthful expression with which she sang it will dwell in our memory. There was no effort, no strain for effect, nothing in fact to astonish, but everything to enforce attention and to excite the feelings to which the words give expression; and surely this is the legitimate and highest use of music; and to say that this was fully accomplished is to award the greatest possible praise to the performer. The scena of Mr. Phillips was very effective and dramatic, exciting great applause. Mr. Hayward followed with a fantasia designed to give an idea of what may be done on the violin, and his design was quite successful. It was sufficient, even had we not been fully aware of the fact, to show, us that our townsman possesses talents of a very high order, and that he does not allow those talents to lack the development which perseverance and industry alone can give them. The work of a lifetime would not suffice to enable many a performer, of no small ability either, to execute the "Kaleidoscope" as we heard it. No instrument possesses greater capabilities than the violin, and few, very few, can draw them out as can our townsman, Mr. Hayward. As with the first and second part of this concert, so with the third; we can do no more than give a passing notice of what pleased us most. "Where art thou, beam of light?" "Ye spotted snakes," and last though not least, "Down in a flowery vale," were all beautiful. We missed the joyous tone that is, in our mind, always associated with "Hail! smiling morn," but are too well pleased and delighted with the whole of the performance to indulge in fault-finding. The treat we have enjoyed forms another of the many obligations we are under to Mr. Hayward, and we feel great satisfaction in being able to record that his endeavours to afford to our fellow-townpeople an entertainment like the one enjoyed on Monday evening, were properly appreciated by a large, and, we trust, remunerative attendance. —*Wolverhampton Chronicle*.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—MR. HAYWARD'S CONCERT.—A thousand persons and upwards assembled in the Corn Exchange, on Wednesday evening last, to listen to the performances of Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves, Mons. Emile Prudent, Mr. Farquharson Smith, Mr. George Case, Miss Checketts, and Miss Piercy. The reception the great tenor met with in this, his first appearance at Wolverhampton, was most enthusiastic, and his inimitable singing gained for him unbounded acclamations. His rendering of the selections from *La Sonnambula* was most exquisite. "Still so gently o'er my senses stealing," to which he imparted the full pathos of his beautiful voice, and repeated with a still more refined expression on receiving an *encore*. After his second solo he delighted his audience beyond measure, by singing "The death of Nelson," with that manly intension, exquisite feeling, and wonderful intonation, which are alone to be found in this great *artiste*. Of Mr. F. Smith we have formed a very favourable opinion, and were pleased to notice that his efforts to please were duly appreciated. He was repeatedly *encored*, and each time favoured his hearers with a popular composition. He gave "The Desert," "Simon the Celarer," and "Bluebeard," in a spirited style. Mrs. Sims Reeves gave "Qui la voce," in a manner evidencing her artistic knowledge; and sang "There is nae luck about the house," with a peculiar sweetness of expression and correct rendering, that gained for her loud and well-merited applause. One of the great, if not the greatest instrumental feature of the concert was the performance of M. Prudent, who displayed his superb mechanism, and finished style, to admiration. One of the most pleasing affairs of the evening, was the *debut* of a young lady, Miss Piercy, nine years of age, as a violinist,

She is a native of Birmingham, and has received instructions from our talented townsman, Mr. Henry Hayward. She was accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. John Hayward, and completely electrified the meeting by her facility of execution. She possesses great confidence, and handles her violin with much tact. The piece allotted her was "The Carnival of Venice," but she acquitted herself of her task in a masterly manner, received an unanimous *encore*. Great praise is certainly due to the teacher, who has so efficiently directed the ability of this promising young *artiste*. The concertina duet, by Miss Checketts and Mr. Case, was greatly applauded. The Scotch melodies performed by Mr. Case on the same instrument were much admired. The pianoforte used on the occasion was from Erard's famed establishment; and the conductors were Messrs. Case and Smith. We are happy to be enabled to state that the concert was successful in a pecuniary as well as entertaining point of view, as it well deserved to be.—*Wolverhampton Herald*, Oct. 19.

Miscellaneous.

M. Alexandre Billet has returned to London, for the season, from a highly-successful tour in the provinces.

Mr. Brooke, the tragedian, has entered into an engagement to perform for eight hundred nights, which will run over a term of four years,—and for which, exclusive of travelling and other expenses, he receives £16,000.

Mr. Alfred Gilbert, the pianist, was married, on the 8th Oct., to Miss Charlotte Cole, one of the sisters whose singing of classical chamber music we have frequently adverted to. We are happy to find that it is the intention of the sisters to continue to sing in public as heretofore.

ROYAL MARIONETTE THEATRE.—The performances of the renowned Hungarian Band continue to attract crowded audiences. The Misses Brougham, and the Distin family have delighted the audiences by their exquisite performances. A solo for the Zeithor Hongrois, a Hungarian Musical Instrument, was magnificently played by a gentleman bearing the unpronounceable name of Toyrhnaajrre. M. de Valadere's Solo "Violin" was a masterly piece of mechanism and execution. The programmes are selected with great taste, and altogether the performance is well worthy a visit from all lovers of the Lyric art. Herr Wolfsohn accompanies the vocal music and Solos with his accustomed ability.

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST.—In page 669, line six, for "scened," read "scored."

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

P. de V., Jersey; R. P., Atherstone; J. W. A., Leeds; G. F., Portarlington.

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